



PROJECT UTOPIA

PATIENT: MARIE

NUMBER: 35



DESCRIPTION:

- RED HAIR
- BROWN EYES
- PALE-TO-WHITE SKIN
- ANKH SYMBOL ON WRIST

PROJECT UTOPIA

PATIENT: KATE

NUMBER: 37



DESCRIPTION:

- RED HAIR
- BROWN EYES
- TAN SKIN
- ANKH SYMBOL ON WRIST

escaped

PROJECT UTOPIA: MARIE

#1



PART 1

DEAR READER,
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU ARE BUT IF YOU ARE READING THIS, THEN YOU ARE MY FRIEND.... AND THIS IS A STORY YOU NEED TO HEAR:

IT WAS A PERFECT DAY, THE SUN WAS SHINING AND EVERYWHERE THE GROUNDS WERE FULL OF LIFE...



... ALL OF MY DREAMS BEGAN THIS WAY

THEY WOULD ALWAYS
START WITH THAT ONE
DAY, THE DAY THE
WORLD CHANGED

IT WAS 7:45 WHEN
THE BOMB WENT OFF

THE EXPLOSION COULD
BE SEEN FOR MILES

SOME CALLED IT THE
APOCALYPSE. IT WOULD COME
TO BE CALLED THE GREAT FIRE,
THE END OF EVERYTHING ...

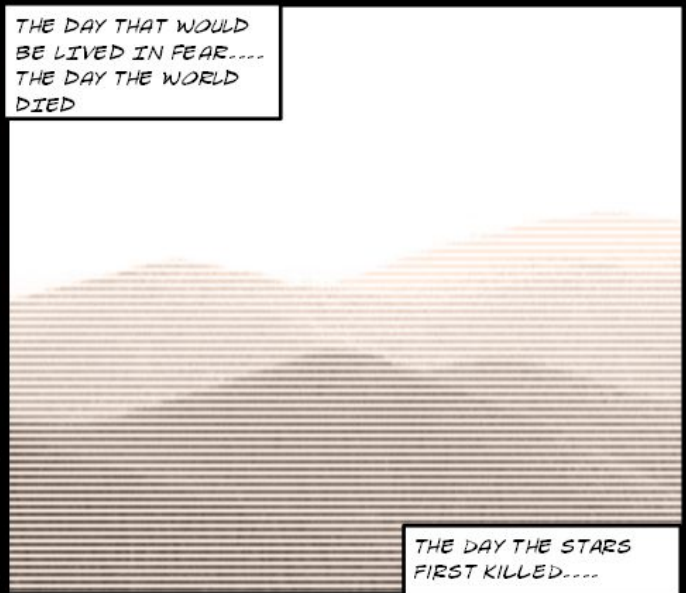
... OR THE BEGINNING



THIS IS THE DAY I WAS REBORN

THE DAY THAT WOULD
BE LIVED IN FEAR....
THE DAY THE WORLD
DIED

THE DAY THE STARS
FIRST KILLED....



WE CAME FROM THE FIRE. WE WERE THE LONELY, THE HUNGRY, THE ONES YOU SEE LYING IN THE STREETS, WE WERE IMPERFECT.....SO WE WERE TO BE DESTROYED. THE FIRE WAS TO BE THE END. THE ULTIMATE MEANS FOR THE CREATION OF THE NEW UTOPIA. IT WAS MEANT TO DESTROY US.....



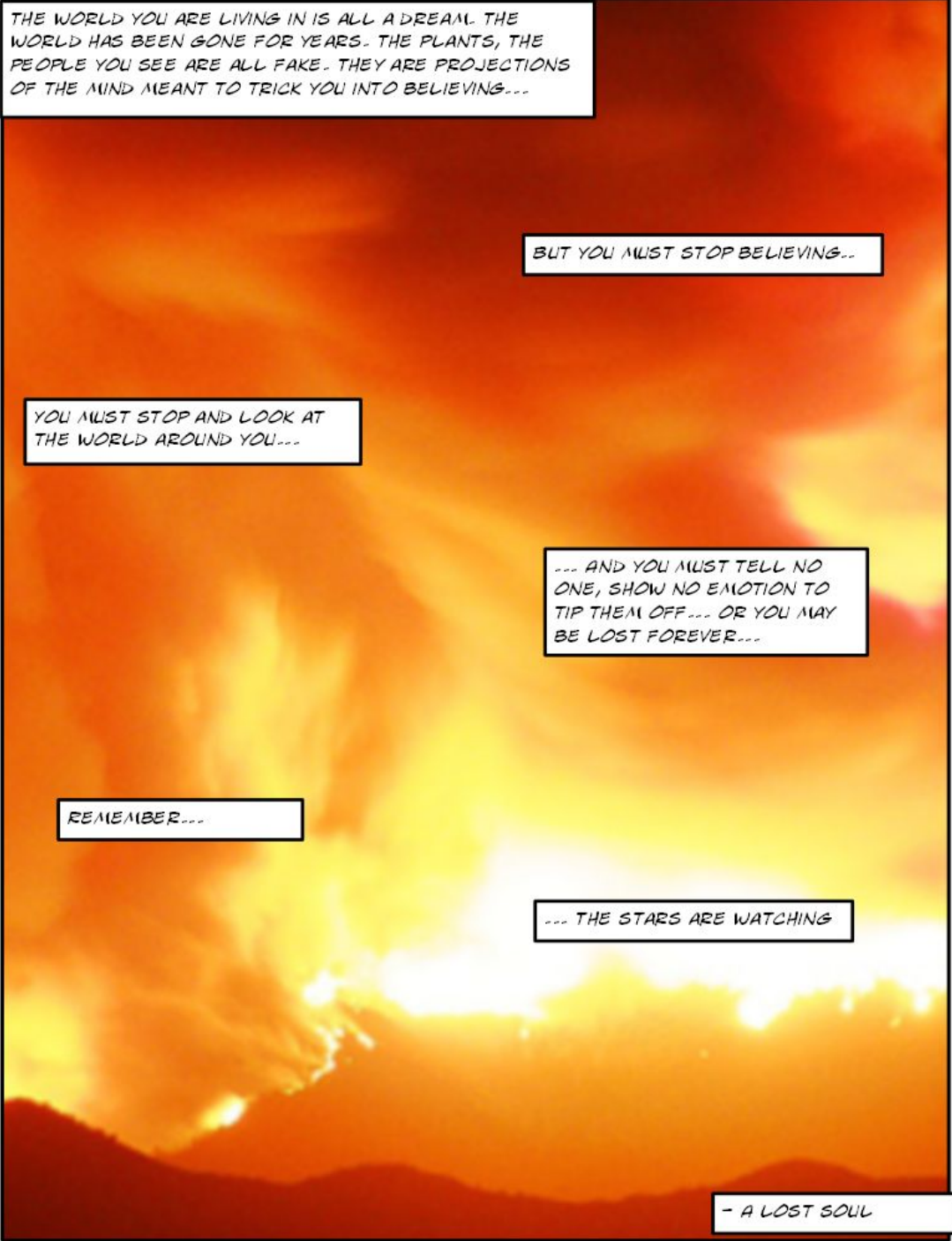
... BUT INSTEAD WE WERE REBORN

WE WERE ALL THE IMPERFECT MEANT
TO BE KILLED IN THE CREATION OF THIS
NEW RACE. THE STARS WERE THE ONES
TO DESTROY US.

THE STARS: THE CHOSEN ONES. THEY WERE THE SELF
PROCLAIMED RULERS OF THIS NEW WORLD...THE NEW
WORLD....

THE WORLD OF NO
ANGER. NO WAR OR
FAMINE. WE WERE ALL
THE ONES WHO
OPPOSED. THE ONES
NO ONE CARED ABOUT.
THE ONES EASY TO BE
RID OF.

NOW THAT I HAVE SURVIVED, I HAVE TO TELL
YOU ONE THING...



THE WORLD YOU ARE LIVING IN IS ALL A DREAM. THE
WORLD HAS BEEN GONE FOR YEARS. THE PLANTS, THE
PEOPLE YOU SEE ARE ALL FAKE. THEY ARE PROJECTIONS
OF THE MIND MEANT TO TRICK YOU INTO BELIEVING...

BUT YOU MUST STOP BELIEVING...

YOU MUST STOP AND LOOK AT
THE WORLD AROUND YOU...

... AND YOU MUST TELL NO
ONE, SHOW NO EMOTION TO
TIP THEM OFF... OR YOU MAY
BE LOST FOREVER...

REMEMBER...

... THE STARS ARE WATCHING

- A LOST SOUL

PART 2

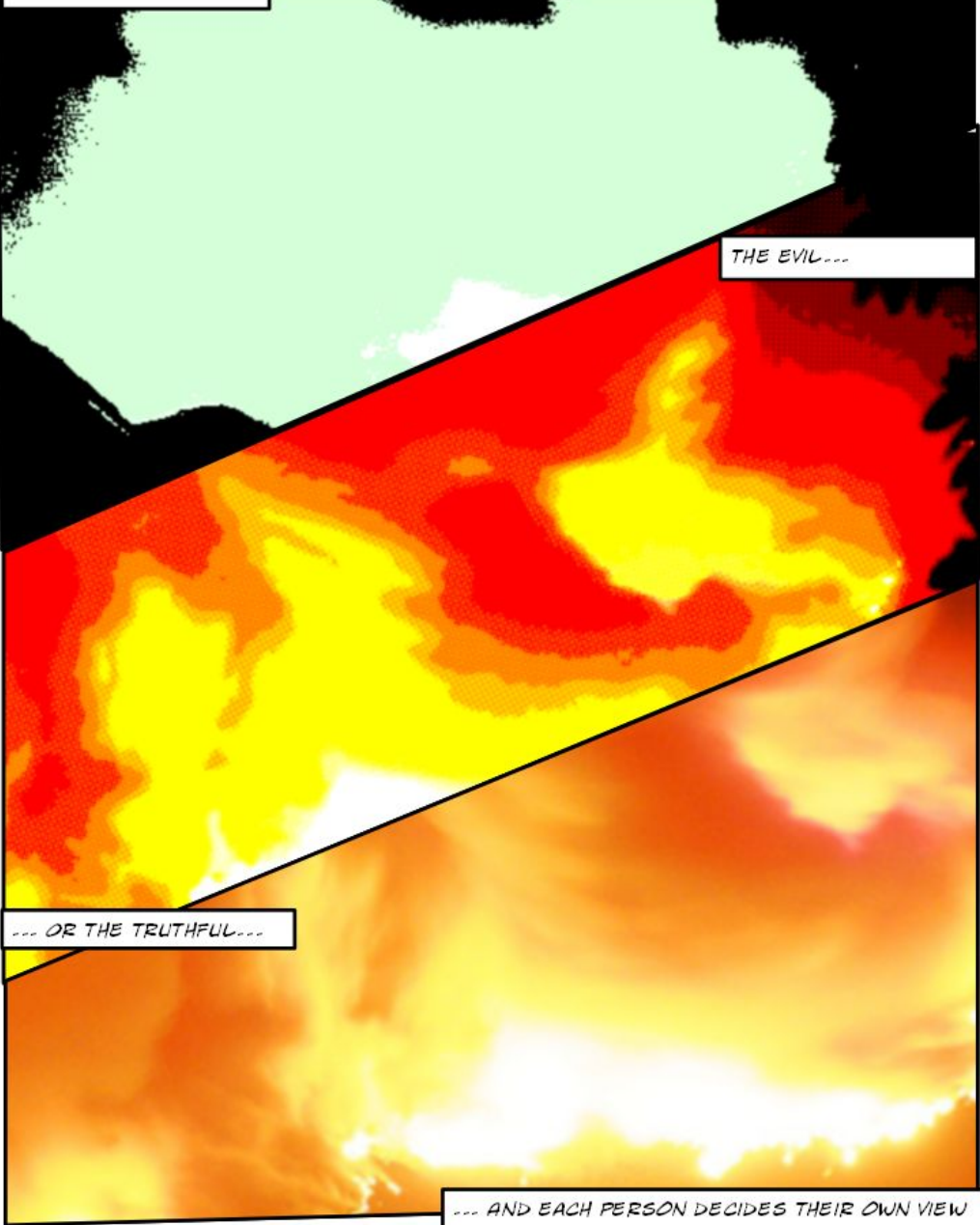
THE WORLD CAN BE SEEN THROUGH MANY DIFFERENT LIGHTS....

THE INNOCENT...

THE EVIL...

... OR THE TRUTHFUL...

... AND EACH PERSON DECIDES THEIR OWN VIEW



MY VIEW IS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER
PEOPLE'S POINTS OF VIEW.....



I KNOW THAT THERE IS
WRONG IN THE WORLD,
AND I KNOW I MUST
STOP IT IN ORDER TO
STOP THIS NEW
WORLD...BUT.....

---I MEAN...WHY DOES
IT HAVE TO BE ME AND
ONLY ME. WHY IS IT
THAT THE WORLD HAS
SOMEHOW DECIDED
THAT I MUST ALWAYS
BE ALONE.....



I HAD SOMEONE
ONCE... SOMEONE I
CAN BARELY
REMEMBER... IT WAS
BEFORE THE
EXPLOSION... ALL I
CAN REMEMBER-- I ---



--- ALL I REMEMBER
FROM BEFORE THE
EXPLOSION IS A
NAME... KATE..... IS IT
MY NAME? OR... IF
NOT, SOME ONE I
KNEW??.....

I MUST FIRST FIND OUT WHAT IS GOING ON TO THE FULLEST EXTENT... THEN I CAN FIND WHO I AM, BUT HOW I AM TO DO THAT IF I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I AM....



... OR WHAT I AM...

PART 3

WHEN I WOKE UP I FOUND
THIS POEM SITTING ON MY
CHEST

WE ARE ALL TOGETHER
WE ARE ALL ALONE
WHY ARE WE HERE?

WE ARE NUMB TO THE WORLD
WE ARE SICK TO THE WORLD
IN BOXES OF METAL
WHY ARE WE HERE?

THE COLORS BLEND TO GRAY
THE LIGHT FADES AWAY
WE ARE HERE
WE ARE HOLLOW
WHY?

WE ARE ONE
WE ARE NONE
WHY?

WHY HAS NATURE GONE?
TO A FRIEND FROM KATE

I KNEW I HAD SEEN THIS POEM FROM SOME
WHERE... AND THERE WAS THAT NAME
AGAIN, KATE... KATE... I COULD JUST
MAKE OUT A MEMORY FLOATING IN MY
MIND.



THIS MEMORY, THIS
DREAM I HAD , IT WAS
OF A YOUNG GIRL.

THIS GIRL SEEMED TO BE
VERY IMPORTANT...

THIS GIRL WAS
STANDING IN FRONT OF
ME, FACING AWAY AND
HOLDING HER ARMS
OUT AS IF SHIELDING
ME FROM
SOMETHING... OR
SOMEONE...

THEN FROM OUT OF
THE DARKNESS, A
BRIGHT BEAM OF
SILVER LIGHT FLARED
OUT AT HER

SHE FELL AGAINST THE
WALL, HER BODY
CRUMPLING LIKE A RAG
DOLL.... I COULD TELL
SHE WASN'T DEAD BUT
SHE WAS CLOSE TO IT

"YOUR NEXT" I HEARD A
VOICE(...A MAN?...)
SAY OUT OF DARK
RIGHT BEFORE THE
DREAM WASHED AWAY

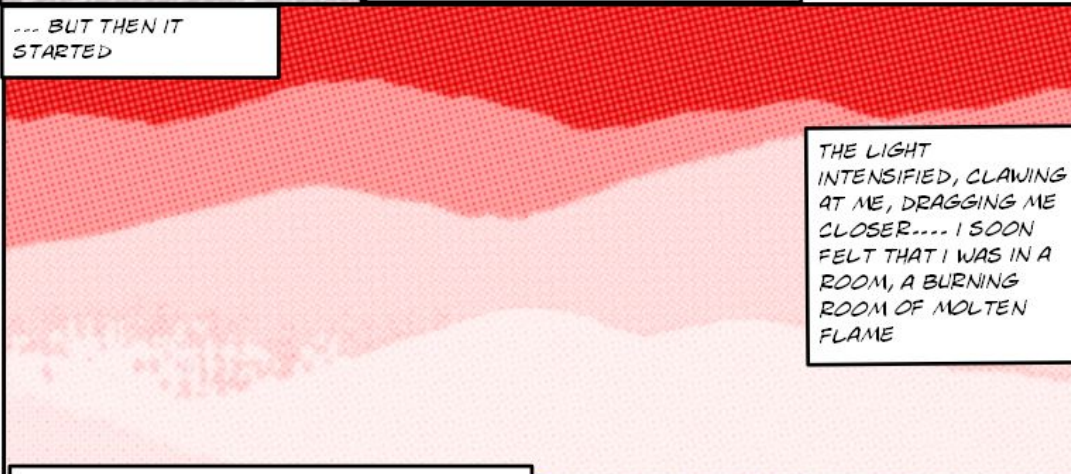
AND IT WAS REPLACED
BY A LIGHT

THIS WAS THE
BRIGHTEST I HAD EVER
SEEN... I REALIZED
THIS WAS A THIN
MEMORY I HAD NEVER
REMEMBERED BEFORE
TODAY



THE LIGHT REACHED
TOWARD ME. AT FIRST
I FELT A CALMING
SENSE OF RELIEF...

... BUT THEN IT
STARTED



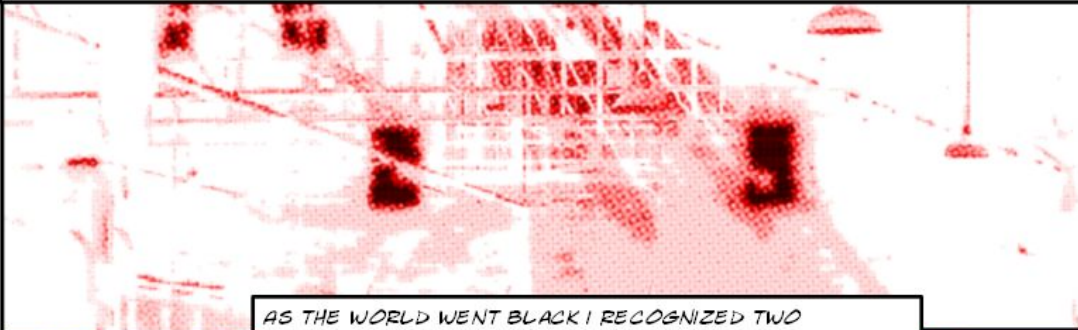
THE LIGHT
INTENSIFIED, CLAWING
AT ME, DRAGGING ME
CLOSER.... I SOON
FELT THAT I WAS IN A
ROOM, A BURNING
ROOM OF MOLTEN
FLAME

IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW A GIRL... WHAT WAS
HER NAME... KATE?... SHE WAS CALLING
OUT TO ME BUT I WAS SO ENVELOPED BY THE
FLAME THAT I COULDN'T HEAR HER

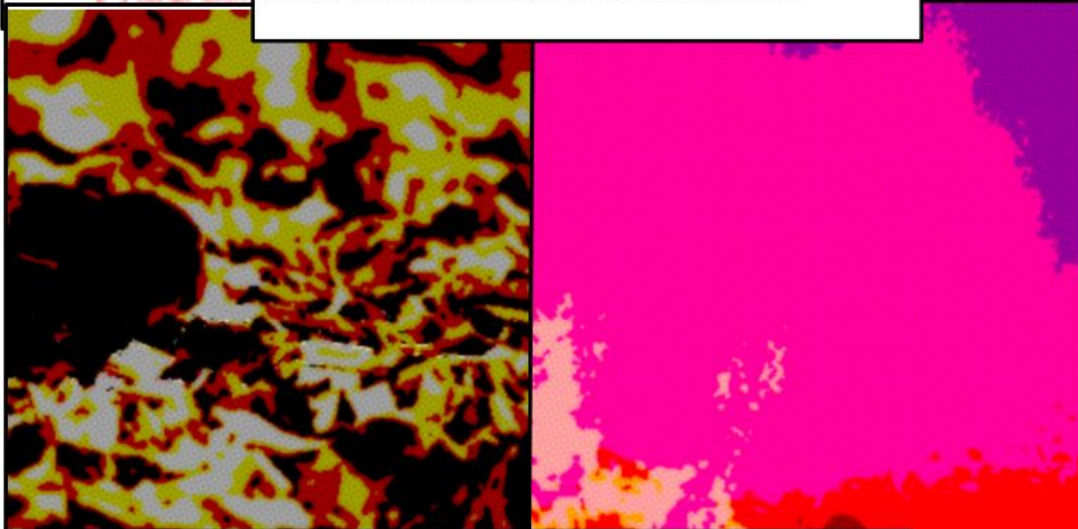


THE FLAME HAD WRECKED MY BODY,
TURNING MY ONCE PALE SKIN INTO A
BLACK CRISP, I WAS BURNING, I WAS
SCREAMING FOR SOMEONE...ANYONE...
AND YET I WASN'T DEAD....

I WAS SCREAMING, HOPING, WISHING TO DIE. "YOUR TIME WILL COME SOON ENOUGH" A VOICE SAID



AS THE WORLD WENT BLACK I RECOGNIZED TWO



KATE HAD NOT BEEN TOUCHED BY THE FLAME EVEN AS IT SURROUNDED HER...



AND THE VOICE WAS THE MAN FROM MY DREAM

PART 4

I WALKED THROUGH
THE GRASS ALL DAY,
SOMEHOW NOT
GETTING ANY WHERE

I FELL DOWN ONCE, I
CUT MY LEG IN A WIDE
GASH---

--- BY THE TIME I HAD
WIPED AWAY THE
BLOOD--- MY WOUND
HAD HEALED--- AND,
ALTHOUGH I WASN'T
ABOUT TO TEST IT, I WAS
WONDERING IF I COULD
HEAL FROM OTHER
THINGS AS WELL

AS I LAY DOWN TO REST, I FEEL SOMETHING
TOUCH MY ARM, I JUMP UP FROM THE GROUND,
DETERMINED TO FIGHT, SHOULD IT BE
NECESSARY.... I RAISED UP MY ARM AND SAW A
SMALL PIECE OF PAPER ATTACHED TO IT

FIRE
WATER
EARTH
WIND

WHERE ARE YOU AND
WHO ARE YOU

YOU ARE MY FRIEND,
MY SISTER

YOU MUST LEARN TO
LOOK TO YOUR
MEMORIES

LOST, PAINFUL
MEMORIES.....

PROJECT UTOPIA

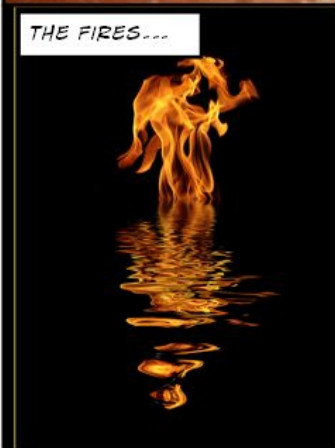
MY MEMORIES HIT ME
LIKE A SPEEDING
TRAIN...



ALL I COULD SEE
THROUGH THE
DARKNESS... PROJECT
UTOPIA...



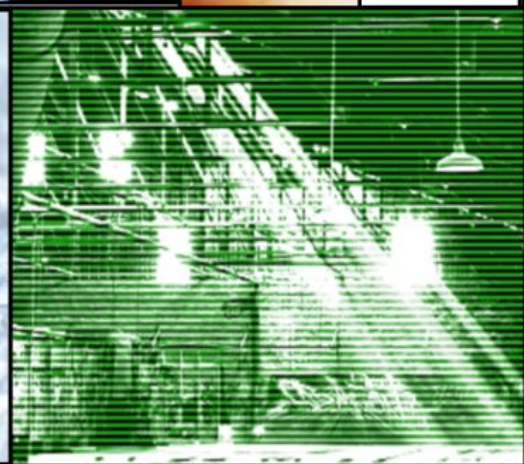
THE FIRES...

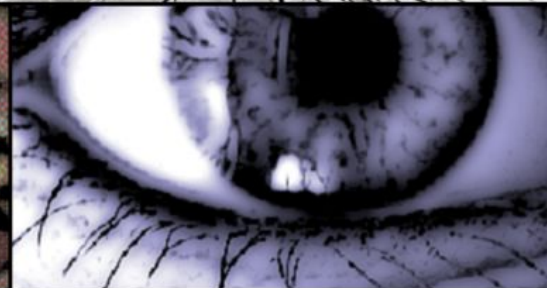
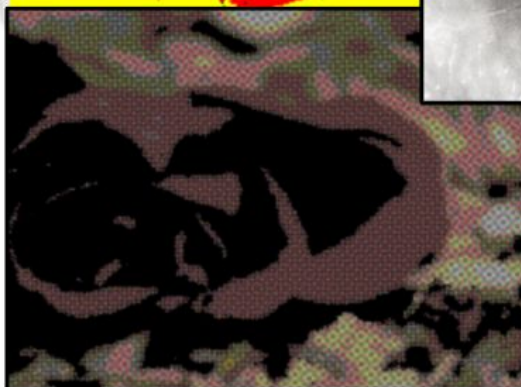
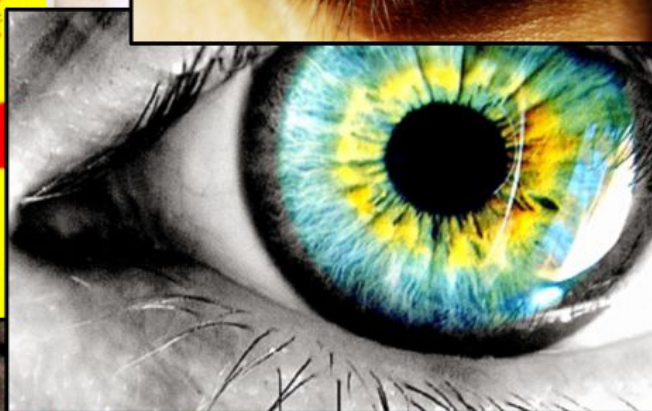


THE PAIN...



THE MYSTERY...







IT ALSO BROUGHT
BACK MEMORIES... OF
MY FAMILY... MY
CAPTURE...

WE WERE WALKING
THROUGH A FIELD
WHEN THE MEN

MY SISTER AND I...
HER NAME... IT... IT
WAS... KATE!

WE HAD HEARD ON THE NEWS EARLIER THAT DAY,
THAT THE MEN WERE CALLING FOR ALL OF THE
SICK, INJURED, AND PEOPLE WITH HIGH DEGREES
TO COME FOR NEW JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS
NEW-TO-HAPPEN UTOPIA... BUT OUR PARENTS
WERE SMARTER THAN THAT...

... THEY KNEW OF
PROJECT UTOPIA...
THE PROJECT PUT IN
PLACE TO BEGIN A
NEW WORLD...

... THE FIRST STEP IN
BEGINNING THIS
WORLD WAS TO
CREATE THE BEST
TYPE OF PEOPLE TO BE
IN THIS NEW
WORLD... THE ONES
EASY TO CONTROL...

THE MEN TOOK US TO
A LARGE BUILDING---



MY MEMORY BLANKED
OUT AS WE WALKED TO
THE BUILDING---



--- AND WAS REPLACED
WITH A PICTURE OF MY
PARENTS ---THE LAST
TIME WE EVER SAW
THEM ---

--- BEING BURIED BY
THE MEN



AND THE STARS...



THAT'S WHAT THEY
CALLED
THEMSELVES...



... THE STARS WHO
WATCH OVER US ALL



AND PROTECT US...
FROM EVERYTHING
REAL...

THE PERFECT
HUMANS... OR AT
LEAST THE ONLY
SMART ONES ALIVE...
ARE SEARCHING FOR
US... TRYING TO KILL
US...



... OR MAYBE JUST
ME... IF KATE IS
ALREADY DEAD...



ONE MONTH EARLIER...



"GET THEM IN LINE" I HEAR A
MAN YELL AS I WALKED INTO A
BUILDING





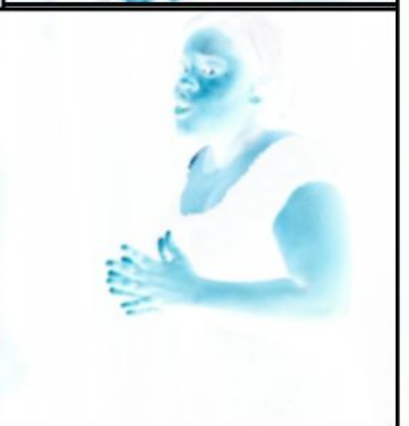
"SEND THEM TO TESTING" THE MAN SAID



I SAW CHILDREN, ALL ABOUT MY AGE, BEING LINED UP AND PUSHED THROUGH A DOOR



THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THE ONES WHO COULD BE CONTROLLED OR ARE USEFUL ENOUGH TO LET THEM LIVE ON AND BE THE NEW RACE...



... BUT WHAT WERE THEY DOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN

WE WERE DRAGGED
OVER TO A COUNTER
WHERE A WOMAN
WEARING A COAT THAT
SAID "PROJECT
UTOPIA" PUT HOSPITAL
BANDS ON OUR WRISTS

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WE WERE DRAGGED TO
OUR ROOMS, BUT NOT
BEFORE MY QUESTION
WAS ANSWERED...

--- I SAW A LARGE
WINDOW INTO THE
ROOM WHERE THE
KIDS HAD BEEN
FORCED INTO --- BUT
SOME OF THE KIDS
WERE MISSING

THE KIDS WERE
STANDING AROUND
LOOKING CONFUSED...



... THEN THE GAS
STARTED...

THE KIDS ALL STARTED TO BECOME
SLEEPY AND THEY STARTED TO FALL
DOWN, SEEMING TO GO TO SLEEP...
THEY ALL SEEMED SO PEACEFUL... BUT
WHEN THE GAS STOPPED... MEN CAME
IN AND PICKED UP THE KIDS AND
BROUGHT THEM OUT OF THE ROOM...

... I REALIZED WHEN I
GOT BACK TO MY
ROOM... THAT THOSE
KIDS WERE TOO
QUIET... TO UNMOVING
TO JUST BE ASLEEP...
THEY WERE DEAD



... THE MEN HAD
GASSED ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO
WOULDN'T BE ACCEPTED
TO THE NEW WORLD

PART 2



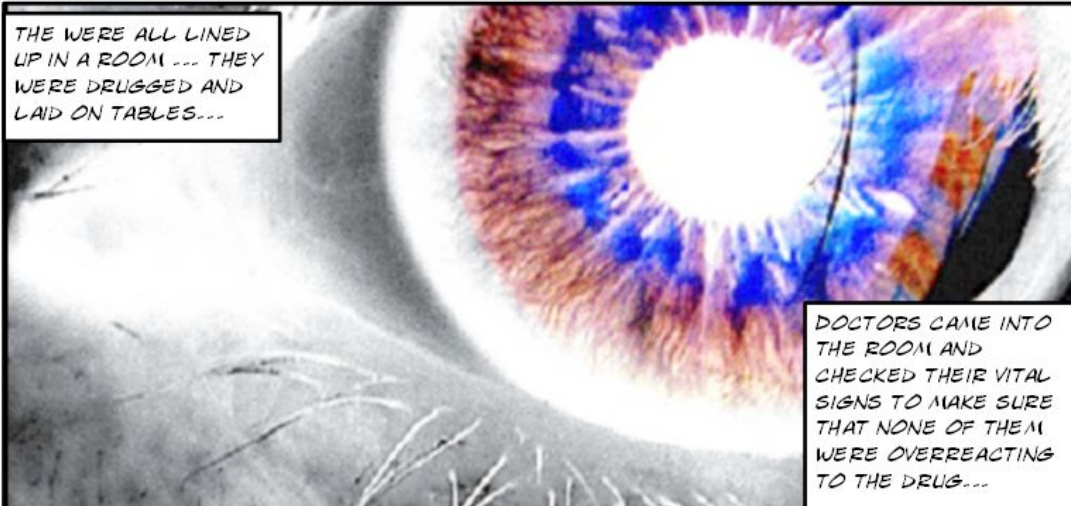
LATER I FOUND OUT
WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE CHILDREN WHO
WEREN'T KILLED...

AND I DON'T KNOW IF
THEIR FATE WAS
BETTER...



... OR WORSE

THEY WERE ALL LINED
UP IN A ROOM --- THEY
WERE DRUGGED AND
LAID ON TABLES---



DOCTORS CAME INTO
THE ROOM AND
CHECKED THEIR VITAL
SIGNS TO MAKE SURE
THAT NONE OF THEM
WERE OVERREACTING
TO THE DRUG---

THEY TOOK EACH
CHILD, ONE AT A TIME,
AND PUT THEM INTO A
SLOT IN THE
ADJOINING WALL



I RECOGNIZED THE
ONLY DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE DEAD
AND LIVE CHILDREN,
AND HOW THE
DOCTORS KNEW WHICH
ONES THEY WERE---
AN ORANGE BRACELET
ON THE LIVING KID'S

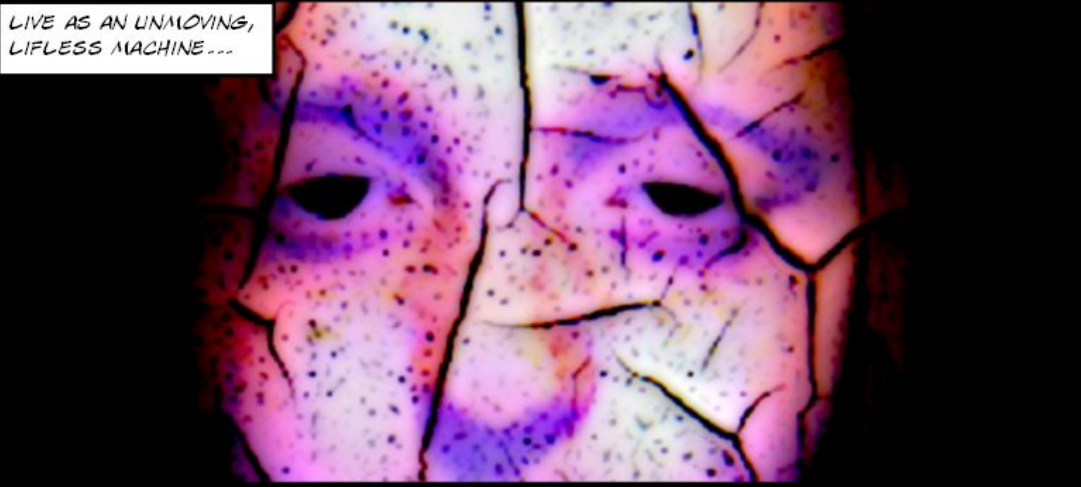


--- JUST LIKE THE ONE
I WAS WEARING--

SO THAT WAS THE
CHOICE---



LIVE AS AN UNMOVING,
LIFLESS MACHINE---



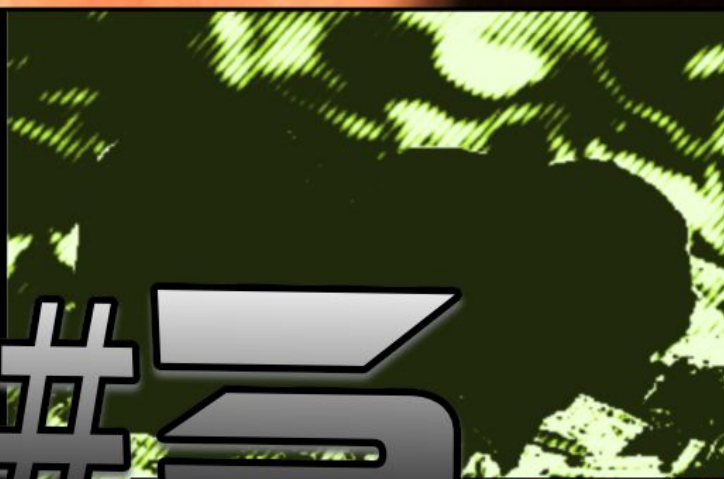
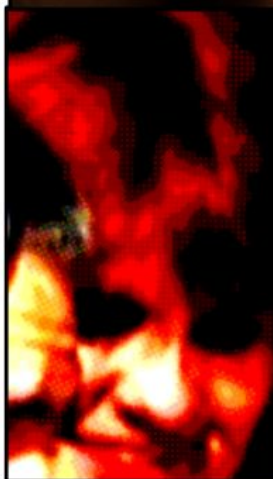
OR DIE WITH NO
CHANCE OF ESCAPE

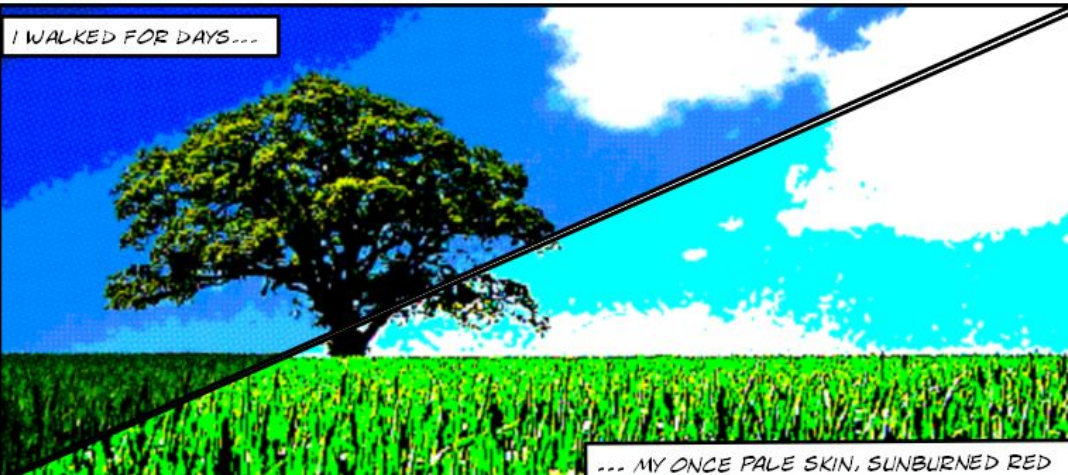


--- I HAD TO GET OUT
OF HERE

PROJECT UTOPIA: FINDING KATE

#5





... MY ONCE PALE SKIN, SUNBURNED RED



I FOUND KATE.....



HER BODY WAS LAYING
NEXT TO ME AS A
WOKE UP.....

I HAVE REALIZED IT WAS
KATE WHO WAS WRITING THE
NOTES AND POEMS....
TRYING TO BRING BACK MY
MEMORY.....



KATE LEFT ME WITH
ONE FINAL CLUE.. THE
LAST CLUE TO MY
LIFE....



AN ANKH BURNED INTO THE
WRIST OF KATE AND
MYSELF... THE SYMBOL OF
THE STARS...

... SHE IS NOW
DEAD... I KNEW THE
STARS HAD KILLED
HER, AND I HAVE LOST
MY LINK TO MY
MEMORIES AND TO
THE WORLD AS IT
WAS.....



EVEN AS THE SHARDS OF MY
LIFE BEGIN TO PIECE
TOGETHER, I AM STILL LOST,
I THINK, MOVING OVER
TOWARDS KATE

I LOOK DOWN AT HER,
TURNING HER OVER TO
LET HER LAY FLAT AND
I SEE A NOTE TAPED
TO HER SHIRT...

"FROM KATE TO
MARIE." IT SAID "I
HOPE YOU GET THIS
BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE"...

THE END